Jack Garratt, Breathe Life

I wouldn't compliment myself for what I've become
Tell her I owe it to her
Tell her I owe it to her
I wouldn't praise myself for every good thing I've done
Tell her I owe it to her
Tell her I owe it to her

Tell her I owe it to (every heartbeat)
Tell her I owe it to (every exhale)
Tell her I owe it to, owe it to her
Hands upon my chest

Won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat
And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old

I know when ... and I know when to breathe
Believe me, I owe it to her
Tell her I owe it to her

Tell her I owe it to every heartbeat
Tell her I owe it to every inhale
Tell her I owe it to, owe it to her
Hands upon my chest

Won't you breathe life into these dead lungs I keep under my coat
And keep life warm against the cold night as our bodies grow old
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Take my silence as a warning
I will not deter your mourning
/2x

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